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THE CRITIC AS PICKER AND STEALER.

Certain of the abuses of contemporary periodical criticism are energetically set forth by Mr. William Knight in the February issue of "The Nineteenth Century." Mr. Knight's paper is entitled "Criticism as Theft," and discusses the various forms of filching, more or less disguised, by which the journalistic hack gets the attention of the public, and profits at the expense of those upon whom he preys. The author sometimes strains a point to bring the abuse with which he is at the moment occupied under the category of robbery, as when he says that the author who makes a valuable contribution to literature is entitled to a reward, and adds: "If the return of that reward is prevented by capricious, or ignorant, or reckless criticism, the critic has stolen from the author, quite as truly as if he had robbed him of his purse." But if this practise is not theft, it is something quite as bad, and deserves all the censure bestowed upon it. "The robbery of a just reputation is much more serious than is the theft of money, or of material property; and the unjust praise and the false dispraise of the critic is one of the worst kinds of theft that this world has had to endure." Coleridge took much the same view of this matter when he thus characterized critics of the wantonly malignant type:

"No private grudge they need, no personal spite:
 The *viva sectio* is its own delight!
 All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,
 Disinterested thieves of our good name:
 Cool, sober murderers of their neighbor's fame."

The abuse becomes even more serious when not merely ignorance or reckless flippancy, but partisanship or personal bias inspires the review of some book. This is what Mr. Knight says about it: "Many a review—philosophical, political, scientific, theological, and literary—has hitherto been tainted with this bias. An *a priori* judgment has been passed on the merits of a book which the critic had not read. It has been judged by its title, its contents, its preface, or its author's name. Every literary man must have seen scores of such notices, pert, opinionative, shallow, useless; or, on the other hand, fulsome, and therefore worse than useless." We may once more back Mr. Knight's

opinion with a passage from Coleridge — this time a prose selection, but for that none the less vigorous in its impeachment. "As soon as the critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him ; as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest trait *against* the author ; his censure instantly becomes personal injury, his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a critic and takes on him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded, that of a gossip, back-biter, and *pasquillant* : but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals the unquiet, the deforming passions of the world into the museum ; into the very place which, next to the chapel and oratory, should be our sanctuary and secure place of refuge ; offers abominations on the altar of the Muses, and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit." Anyone who has occasion to do much reading in contemporary criticism may often discern between the lines of a review some such syllogism as the following : No person holding certain opinions upon polities, or art, or religion, can possibly say anything worth heeding upon any subject whatsoever. N. N. is a person holding such opinions. This book of his upon, let us say, hydraulic engineering, must therefore receive short shrift and no mercy. This illustrates, it is true, an exaggerated form of the evil under discussion ; a more common form is that in which some unimportant passages in the book, obnoxious to the critic, is singled out for attack, while the substance of the work is utterly ignored.

Another form of current "criticism," which comes nearer than those as yet mentioned to being theft in the literal sense, is thus described by Mr. Knight : "A critical 'notice,' written to display mere deftness or nimbleness of wit, ingenious repartee, power of sarcasm or rejoinder, is not criticism at all. Suppose a nimble-witted person skims a book ; turning its pages in a listless mood, he finds some information that is new to him. He notes this, and goes on to read more. He finds some errors, and then proceeds to use the information, which he has received from the book itself, against its author ; just as a clever surface society-talker, wholly ignorant of a subject, can often 'pick the brains' of one who knows it, while he is speaking, and give him back in a torrent of verbosity the very ideas he was slowly and modestly expressing." There is a good

deal of this sort of fraudulent criticism afloat, and some writers acquire a critical reputation based almost wholly upon the cleverness with which they succeed in "showing off" with the subject of some book for a text. The passage just quoted reminds us of an incident recently related. A journalist who had seen a good many varieties of life at close quarters spent an evening with an eminent novelist. After a while, the novelist said to his guest : "I want your opinion of a story I have just written." The story was read, and approval duly expressed. "But," said the journalist, "the substance of your story seems strangely familiar to me." "Yes," replied the novelist, "you told me the story yourself."

Perhaps the only sort of "criticism" that may in the strictest sense be accounted theft is that in which the reviewer relies mainly upon the reviews already published by others of his craft. To parade as one's own the opinions of others, to catch the drift of criticism as expounded in the more authoritative journals, reproducing its leading ideas in slightly altered form, is a practice for which no defence is possible. The critic who takes his profession seriously will, of course, carefully refrain from reading what others have said of a book until he has framed his own independent judgment of the work in question, and even then will have to be constantly on his guard to resist the natural impulse to make his dicta conform to those which he cannot keep from filtering into his consciousness in a hundred insidious ways. Even the shifting currents of public opinion upon the larger aspects of literary art are a constant source of danger to the critic, however conscientious he may be. When current literature shows a distinct trend toward realism, or romanticism, or didacticism, or sexualism, it is difficult to avoid being swayed by the movement, however fixed may be the critic's canons, and however stoutly he may be prepared to do battle for the lasting as against the ephemeral. We still get a good deal of bellwether guidance, even from the best-intentioned, for critics are as gregarious as other people, and find it quite as hard to run counter to the prevailing literary fashions.

With one part of Mr. Knight's argument we are unable to agree. He condemns the review which is frankly descriptive and extractive on the ground that it is a theft from both author and public ; from the former because it injures his sales, from the latter because it deprives of the opportunity of knowing, "in its integ-

riety," what the author has to say. It is a curious logical twist that can find robbery in the act of summarizing a book for readers many of whom are too busy to get at it in any other way. As far as our observation goes, such *précis*-writing stimulates rather than retards the sale of the books selected for treatment; the persons who are content to accept the part for the whole are mostly those who would never dream of purchasing the book concerned, while, on the other hand, the number of those who are by a skilful summary made curious to know the book, and actually purchase it, make up many times over for the few who might have become purchasers had it not been for the friendly offices of the reviewer in selecting for them enough of its contents to satisfy their curiosity. So far are we from deprecating this form of review, that we wish there might be a great deal more of it. More, perhaps, than from any other cause, popular criticism suffers from the feeling of the critic that, however lacking in knowledge, he is bound to take the judicial attitude, and, instead of giving his readers an idea of what the book is really like, he must express a decided opinion upon its merits. As it is obviously impossible for the newspaper reviewer, called upon to deal with books upon all sorts of subjects, to have an opinion of any value concerning most of them, it would be a decided improvement for him to remain content with the descriptive summary that almost any fairly intelligent person can make. In other words, the work of judicial and authoritative criticism should be left to the reviews that can command the services of hundreds of specialists, and are known to entrust to competent hands the books sent to such reviews for examination.

THE SONNET.

As, poised on slender stem, some perfect rose
Unfolds its delicate petals to the air,
Till lo! a little rounded life is there,
Amid the sweetness that its breath bestows;
Even thus, within the sonnet's classic close,
Beyond whose limits it may never fare,
The thought should shape itself until it wear
A rhythmic garb of tumult or repose.

A sonnet is a lover's laughing song;
A sigh, a symphony, a lyric brief;
A throb of mighty music from the sea;
It seeks the stars, or brook-like bounds along;
'T is now a cry of passion-throated grief,
And now an epic in epitome.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"THE MIDSUMMER OF ITALIAN ART."—SOME CORRECTIONS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have just finished reading Mr. Frank Preston Stearns's "Midsummer of Italian Art," a very entertaining book, noticed in the last issue of THE DIAL. I do not wish to criticize the author's criticisms, though some of them are sufficiently remarkable,—for example, the criticism of Raphael's "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" on the ground that the boat is too close to shore to catch respectable fish: a singular limitation upon our Lord's miraculous powers. But there are some physical facts to which attention may be called.

On page 50, and again on page 80, Mr. Stearns states that the "Head of the Medusa," attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, is in the Tribune of the Uffizi. It is now in the second room you enter, far from the Tribune, and I have never seen it there. Was it ever in the Tribune?

On page 85 he says that Michelangelo's "David" was removed into the Palazzo Vecchio some twenty years ago. The only removal recorded by history was its removal in 1873 to the Accademia, where it now stands.

On page 96 he says that one of Michelangelo's "Captives" is in the Louvre and the other in the Boboli Gardens at Florence. Both pieces have been in the Louvre whenever I visited it, and as far as I can ascertain both have been in France since the reign of Francis I.

On pages 130 *et seq.* he says, in speaking of the Tombs of the Medici, that the statue called "Il Pensieroso" is Giuliano and the other Lorenzo. All other writers reverse this. Have the bones of these worthies been changed, or any new light thrown on the subject?

On page 233 he states that Raphael's "Dispute on the Sacrament" is on the *ceiling* of the Stanza, and on page 234 he states that the altar in the picture is in the centre of the ceiling. When I was there last, a few months ago, it was still where Raphael painted it, firmly frescoed on the side wall, while the ceiling was covered with other frescoes equally famous. Has an earthquake turned the venerable edifice upon its side?

On page 311 he says that from the windows of the Antecollegio in the Doge's Palace, where are Tintoretto's "Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne" and Paul Veronese's "Rape of Europa," you have a beautiful view of the Adriatic and the Lido. When I was there you could see nothing from the windows except the court-yard of the Ducal Palace. If the rest of the building were thrown down (and I have not heard of such a disaster) you might see the Adriatic, but as these windows, which are on one side, turn away from the Lido I do not understand how that could be seen.

In his preface the author says that he had years of study and experience before beginning to write the book; but as I read these things, I wonder whether I have been wandering in a dream or the amiable author has written his book in the comfortable seclusion of a New England village without troubling himself to visit the places he writes about so well. G. B. ROSE.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 18, 1896.

SOME RECENT JAPANESE LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Three or four brief specimens of recent Japanese classic literature may possibly be of interest to the constituency of THE DIAL. The death of Prince Kitashira-

kawa naturally called forth many literary memorials. One such production may be translated somewhat as follows: "Alas! the water of 'the White River' is gone forever, for man's life is like a floating bubble, which soon disappears. We knew such an end would come to men; but we did not expect it for the noble Prince so soon."

Another lament over the death of that beloved Prince is attributed to the pen of Mr. Konakamura, "one of the best living authorities on Japanese classic literature." This has been roughly translated as follows: "Pitiable is the life of men. It is like the water of a flowing stream, which goes, but never returns. Troubles of sickness are common to all. Distinctions of rank make no difference here. The sad memories of the Prince are too many to be conceived of in our hearts, too great to be uttered by our tongues." A Japanese, writing in "The Japan Evangelist," while commanding the style of the original of this, condemns the general tenor of its thoughts as "quite unsatisfactory as a healthy expression of sentiments awakened by such an occasion"; and he goes on to contrast very forcibly the despair and pessimism of these two productions with the optimism and inspiring hopefulness of Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." This same contrast serves only to emphasize the sharp difference between the influences of Christianity and of Buddhism upon human thought. The latter teaches that eternity is oblivion and life a bubble; the former, that life is worth living and is full of hope.

Not at all pessimistic, however, were the poems written by Their Imperial Majesties of Japan, at the New Year's poetical *fête*, on the subject, "Congratulatory Poems in Connection with Mountains." I quote from the "Japan Mail":

"The Emperor's poem ran as follows:—

'Ame no shita
Nigiwō yo koso
Tanoshi kere;
Yama no oku made
Michi no hirakete.'

"[Happy the age when
The country prospers: for then
Does truth reach the remoteness
Of remote mountains.]

"The Empress composed the following couplet:—

'Amatsu hi no
Hikari wo ukeio
Kurai Yama;
Mi no hodo-hodo ni
Noboru Mi-yo kana.'

"[The rays of the sun
Of heaven reach to the dark
Mountain recesses.
Auspicious age! Each in
His sphere happily prospers.]

"In His Imperial Majesty's poem there is a play on the word *michi* (road, way, truth), while the play in that of Her Majesty's turns on the phrase *kurai yama* (mountain of rank—dark mountain)."

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Feb. 3, 1896.

"THE Monroe Doctrine and the War Spirit in the United States," by Professor Felix Adler, and "The Venezuela Question," by Mr. William M. Salter, are two "Ethical Addresses" in pamphlet form, published in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Ethical Society.

The New Books.

LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

The initial volume of Dr. Nicoll's "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," a tempting *olla podrida* of waifs and fragments, literary, epistolary, biographical, and anecdotal, presents, amid a good deal that is mainly curious and out-of-the-way, a fair amount of important and instructive matter. The work was suggested by Nichols's familiar "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century"; and the editors intend to provide in it fresh matter illustrative of the life and work of British authors, including the less-known ones, of the period, recourse being had mainly to manuscript sources, and to inaccessible texts and fugitive writings. It is proposed to supply concise biographies, letters hitherto unpublished, additions from manuscript sources to unpublished works, together with a series of full bibliographies of the writings of the greater authors — rather more than a third of the opening volume falling under the heading, "Materials for a Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Robert Browning." Illustrations and numerous *fac similes* will be furnished in each volume; and only one thousand copies of each are to be printed, two hundred and fifty of them for America. The book is handsomely made, and contains an especially attractive pictorial feature in the form of a fine portrait (frontispiece) of William Blake, after a rare plate etched by William Bell Scott from Phillips's life-size oil sketch. The initial volume includes: "The Trial of William Blake for Sedition"—being a detailed account of the curious episode mentioned in Gilchrist's life of the painter-poet, together with transcripts of original documents, the speech of Blake's counsel, etc.; "Arthur Henry Hallam as Advocate of Alfred and Charles Tennyson," comprising two hitherto unpublished letters written by Hallam to Leigh Hunt, one of them enclosing and commanding the two volumes published by the Tennysons in 1830, the other concerning mainly Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy"; "An Opinion on Tennyson," by Mrs. Browning; "Thomas Wade," by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, a critical and biographical sketch, followed by some fifty of Wade's sonnets, together with his longer poems,

* LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., and Thomas J. Wise. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Contention of Death and Love," and "Helena"; "The Landor-Blessington Papers"; "A Brief Account of Richard Henry Horne," by Mr. H. B. Forman, followed by Horne's "Ballad of Delora," as originally printed in "The Monthly Repository"; "Hawthorne in the Shadow of Johnson"—mainly a pleasant little essay on Uttoxeter originally written by Hawthorne for "The Keepsake," and afterwards embodied by him in a chapter of "Our Old Home"; "A Dramatic Scene," by Charles Wells, with a biographical note on the author by Mr. H. B. Forman; "A Bundle of Letters from Shelley to Leigh Hunt"—an interesting and representative series, of which the editor says:

"Not one of them was written in the year when the true Shelley was born, the year 1814; only one was written before that year, namely in 1813, the year of 'Queen Mab,' the last and best work of the preliminary or portentous Shelley; and all the rest are alive with the heart's blood and intellectual ferment of that unique personality that started suddenly into fulness of life when it came into contact with a notable personality of the other sex, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin."

The first of the Hallam letters (1831) was written, as already said, to Hunt *a propos* of the two Tennyson volumes ("Poems Chiefly Lyrical," by Alfred, and "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces," by Charles) of 1830. Hallam was then at Cambridge, and Hunt was editing "The Tatler." The former wrote:

"Will you excuse the liberty that a perfect stranger to you takes in sending you two little volumes of Poetry, with which I cannot but think you will be pleased? They are the compositions of two brothers, both very young men, and both intimate friends of mine. The larger volume was reviewed in the last number of 'The Westminster Review' (I believe by Dr. Bowring), and the high praise bestowed upon it by the reviewer is not higher in my opinion, and I hope in yours, than its merits demand. I flatter myself you will, if you peruse this book, be surprised and delighted to find a new prophet of those true principles of Art which, in this country, you were among the first to recommend both by precept and example. Since the death of John Keats, the last lineal descendant of Apollo, our English region of Parnassus has been domineered over by kings of shreds and patches. But, if I mistake not, the true heir is found: 'if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance, that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle and the jewel about the neck! The letters whose character is known! The majesty of the creature in resemblance of its father, the affection of nobleness, and many other evidences proclaim him, with all certainty, to be the king's son. . . .' I do not suppose that either of these poets is likely to become immediately or extensively popular: they write not to the world at large, which 'lieth in wickedness' and bad taste, but to the elect Church of Urania, which we know to be small and in tribulation. Now in this church you have preferment, and what you preach will be considered by the faithful as a sound form of words. . . ."

The second Hallam letter (1832), thanking Hunt for a copy of the "Masque of Anarchy," contains an allusion to an episode of Cambridge life familiar to lovers of Shelley, and known as the Revival of 1829:

"While at Cambridge I partook largely in the enthusiasm which animated many of my contemporaries, and indeed formed us into a sort of sect in behalf of his character and genius. If I have since somewhat tempered that enthusiasm in so far as it extended to some of his peculiar opinions, I have not ceased, and shall not, to regard him as one of the most remarkable men and greatest poets whom this country has produced. . . ."

Of the "Landor-Blessington Papers" (letters, and pieces in verse and prose lavished by the poet on his fair correspondent for use in her Annals) the chief constituent is a literal transcript from a bundle of papers in Landor's autograph. On some of these documents biographers have already drawn, and much of the verse has been collected into Landor's Poetical Works. It may be noted here, touching Landor's "Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare," the manuscript of which he sent to Lady Blessington, in care of N. P. Willis, that while her ladyship derived yearly from her "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" an income of £1000 to £2500, she was unable to get the "Citation" printed except at the author's cost. Some of the letters to Lady Blessington are rather in the "Boythorn" vein, notably one giving vent to some explosive views on social progress—a theme, be it said, which the writer was singularly unfit to handle:

" . . . He (Dr. Verity) tells us, what I cannot think, that civilization has always been progressive. If it has, it has for ages and ages been in the gout and on crutches. The wild North-American hears in dignified silence the scoffs of those vile barbarians who deal in slaves. He never interrupts the person who is speaking, and reserves all violent gestures for the tomahawk, after a solemn declaration of war. Yet a member of the British or even of the French parliament would have the impudence to tell me that his assembly gives evidence of higher civilization. The very opposites to the North-Americans are the Chinese. In internal policy they far excel the Europeans; and altho' highly commercial, the government consents to lose incalculable revenues rather than admit a drug which demoralizes the people. Which affords the higher proof of civilization—the casting of opium into the canals of China or the erection of gin-shops in the streets of London? In fact, no nation is, or ever was, half civilized. How the Arts flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and the Sciences in George IV.'s! Yet what odious monsters!—without one virtue. Henry VIII. was warm in friendship—Mary, both in love and religion. Nearer our own times, look at Swift and Rousseau—Moralists! Philosophers! Two such scoundrels are nowhere to be found outside of royalty. Henry VIII. and Nero would never have acted as Rousseau did, when he permitted the poor girl his fellow-servant to be punished for his theft—and tho'

they might burn seditions sectaries, would never have lighted up those sad slow fires which consumed Vanessa and Stella. Where and what is our civilization? . . ."

And so the testy old lion goes on growling at gods and men — little reflecting that, but for the social progress, with its attendant increased freedom of speech and opinion, which he denied and to which the "scoundrel" Rousseau materially contributed, he, Walter Landor, Esquire, one time of Tachebrooke, must infallibly have been laid by the heels (to name a very moderate penalty) for a tithe of his habitual railings at the existing order. Noisy social and political malcontents who rail unpunished should have the grace to admit that the modern State has at least one cardinal virtue — tolerance. Among the Landor-Blessington papers is a half-sheet, unaddressed, containing two pungent stanzas referring to Wordsworth — little tokens of good feeling toward a brother-poet. The first one needs no comment; the second is plainly levelled at Wordsworth's amazing lines,

" . . . Almighty God!
But thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter?
Yea; Carnage is thy daughter" —

(to which Shelley also paid his respects in "Peter Bell the Third") in the "Thanksgiving Ode on the Battle of Waterloo." We subjoin the stanzas:

"Tho' Southey's poetry to you should seem
Not worth five shillings (as you say) per ream,
Courage! good wary Wordsworth! and disburse
The whole amount from that reluctant purse.
Here, take my word, 't is neither shame nor sin
To hazard . . . throwing all your own stuff in.
"No more on daisies and on pilewort fed
By tiresome Duddon's ever troubled bed,
Lo! Grasmere's cuckoo leaves these tranquil scenes
For cities, shovel hats, and dandy deans,
And, prickt with spicy cheer and portly nod,
Devoutly fathers Slaughter upon God."

Passing to the Shelley letters (to Leigh Hunt), we may cite first an eloquent passage in one dated at Marlow, 1816, wherein the writer dwells painfully on the fatal discrepancy between his high humanitarian aims and ideals, and his position before the world resulting from the view the world not unreasonably chose to take of his conduct and opinions.

" . . . Next, will I own the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'? I do not care—as you like.* And yet the poem was composed under the influence of feelings which agitated me even to tears, so that I think it deserves a better fate than the being linked with so stig-

* The question (of signature) here alluded to was settled thus: the poem appeared in "The Examiner," Jan. 19, 1817; and, though Hunt had previously announced it to come out over the signature "Elfin Knight," it did finally appear over that of Shelley.

matized and unpopular a name as mine. You will say that it is not thus,—that I am morbidly sensitive to what I esteem the injustice of neglect—but I do not say that I am unjustly neglected,—the oblivion which overtook my little attempt of 'Alastor' I am ready to acknowledge was sufficiently merited in *itself*; but then it was not accorded in the correct proportion considering the success of the most contemptible drivellings. I am undeceived in the belief that I have powers deeply to interest, or substantially to improve, mankind. How far my conduct and my opinions have rendered the zeal and ardor with which I have engaged in the attempt ineffectual, I know not. Self-love prompts me to assign much weight to a cause which perhaps has none. But thus much I do not seek to conceal from myself, that I am an outcast from human society; my name is execrated by all those who understand its full import,—by those very beings whose happiness I ardently desire. I am an object of compassion to a few more benevolent than the rest, all else abhor and avoid me. With you, and perhaps some others (though in a less degree I fear) my gentleness and sincerity find favor, because they are themselves gentle and sincere; they believe in self-devotion and generosity because they are themselves self-devoted and generous. Perhaps I should have shrunk from persisting in the task which I had undertaken in early life, of opposing myself in these evil times and among these evil tongues, to what I esteem misery and vice; if I must have lived in the solitude of the heart. Fortunately my domestic circle incloses that within it which compensates for the loss. . . ."

In a letter from Naples, dated Dec. 22, 1818, Shelley draws a comparison between the social and human Italy, and what may be termed the Byronic or the Goethean Italy, in which the chiaroscuro is amusingly strained:

" . . . There are *two* Italies — one composed of the green earth and transparent sea, and the mighty ruins of ancient time, and aerial mountains, and the warm and radiant atmosphere which is interfused through all things; the other consists of the Italians of the present day, their works and ways. The one is the most sublime and lovely contemplation that can be conceived by the imagination of man; the other is the most degraded, disgusting, and odious. What do you think? Young women of rank actually eat—you will never guess what —garlick! Our poor friend Lord Byron is quite corrupted by living among these people; and, in fact, is going on in a way not very worthy of him."

That his lordship added garlic-eating to his other Italianate iniquities does not appear; but we find Shelley declaring in a later letter that "particular dispositions in Lord Byron's character render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself intolerable to me." Shelley's insensibility to music (a strange flaw in one of the most melodious of poets) is well known; and one gathers from the following passage that he had, like Tennyson, an imperfect appreciation of pictorial art:

" . . . With respect to Michael Angelo I dissent, and think with astonishment and indignation of the common notion that he equals, and in some respects exceeds, Raffaele. He seems to me to have no sense of moral

dignity and loveliness; and the energy for which he has been so much praised, appears to me to be a certain rude, external, mechanical quality, in comparison with anything possessed by Raffaele, or even much inferior artists. His famous painting in the Sixtine Chapel seems to me deficient in beauty and majesty, both in the conception and the execution. It might have contained all the forms of terror and delight — and it is a dull and wicked emblem of a dull and wicked thing. Jesus Christ is like an angry pot-boy, and God like an old ale-house keeper looking out of window. He has been called the *Dante* of painting; but if we find some of the gross and strong outlines which are employed in the most distasteful passages of the *Inferno*, where shall we find *your Francesca* — where the spirit coming over the sea in a boat, like Mars rising from the vapors of the horizon — where Matilda gathering flowers, and all the exquisite tenderness, and sensibility, and ideal beauty, in which *Dante* excelled all poets except *Shakespeare*?"

The Herculean forms that still loom in their craggy grandeur from the smoke-dimmed vault of the Sixtine Chapel certainly have little in common with the exquisite, aërial shapes which peopled the reveries and haunt the verse of *Shelley*; and one may reasonably find them lacking in grace, and even in beauty. But to pronounce the works of *Michael Angelo* deficient in majesty of conception and execution seems a judgment too hollow to be imputed to imperfect sympathy alone.

A poet of a temper widely different from that of *Mr. Arnold's* "beautiful and ineffectual angel" was erratic *Richard Henry* (or *Hengist*) *Horne*, best known, we need scarcely say, as the author of "*Orion, an Epic Poem.*" *Horne* was a man of varied talents, and, while it can scarcely be said of him, as *Lamb* said of *Dekker*, that "he had poetry enough for anything," he wrote some good verse that has been unduly slighted by the anthologists. We may perhaps agree with our editors who predict that "sooner or later he, who enjoyed much well-merited fame of many sorts in his day, will have 'one day more.'" In the present volume *Horne's* "*Ballad of Delora, or the Passion of Andrea Como*," a romantic production greatly praised by *Browning*, is printed entire. "*Delora*" seems to us a singular mingling of fire and fustian, elevation and bathos — gold and dross in pretty even proportions. But there is a fine ballad ring, a strain of wild harmony and wilder passions, in the quaint stanzas; and we are glad to see them rescued from obscurity.

Dr. Nicoll's work will probably comprise six volumes; but these will be separately indexed, and each may be regarded as complete in itself. The slender quota set apart for America should be promptly exhausted.

E. G. J.

THE EUROPEAN DEVELOPMENT OF AFRICA.*

The most important movement of the last half of our century, the most far-reaching in its influence upon the future of the world, is undoubtedly the opening of Africa to civilization under the auspices of the powers of Western Europe. Even such unlovely sentiments as French chauvinism and English jingoism, and their German equivalent, are working out for the world beneficent results that may perhaps induce us to view their existence with toleration if not with satisfaction. What are the questions about which the Great Powers continue to excite themselves — the balance of power between the nations of Europe, the possession of small provinces, tariffs, and commercial rivalries — but petty and insignificant as compared with the work of opening and preparing for civilization the vast regions of the Dark Continent? Twenty years ago there were but two white men in Central Africa; to-day it is apportioned among the nations of Europe, each in its "sphere of influence" opening up routes of commerce, pushing forward railroads, putting steamers upon the lakes and rivers, stamping out the slave-trade, teaching the savages the elements of civilization and order. South Africa has seen the same swift progress, mainly under the spur of British hunger for land and gold. No part of the continent, except Morocco and a portion of Sahara, is left without its European owner or protector.

Such changes, so great and widespread, furnish material for a most interesting volume, and *Mrs. Latimer* has made good use of her opportunity in her work on "*Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century.*" Her book was needed, for there is nowhere a full and clear account of this movement as a whole. She has interpreted her title generously, and given a sketch of the modern history of those countries that have a past, as well as America's little contribution to Africa in the state of Liberia. This is not the book of a political philosopher nor of a scientific historian, but of a bright woman of wide experience and knowledge of the world, who has told what interested herself, in the hope that it would be interesting to other people. It has the interest of remarkable personalities, in the work of *Livingstone*, *Stanley*, *Gordon*, *Cecil Rhodes*, *Mehemet Ali*, and *Ab-*

* *EUROPE IN AFRICA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.* By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. *CHRONICLES OF UGANDA.* By the Rev. Robert P. Ashe. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

del Kader ; the interest of variety in life and character, from the savage to the saint and the high-spirited university man ; and the interest we have already spoken of, that of a great development in the history of man. It would be ungracious to note flaws and deficiencies in the author's work after the modest disclaimer of her preface ; and the task she set herself is so difficult that we can only be grateful for the useful book she has given us. Its usefulness and attractiveness are greatly enhanced by the three maps and twenty-three full-page portraits which the publishers have provided.

Mr. Ashe's book on Uganda is an excellent complement to Mrs. Latimer's general work. It is of about the same size, yet treats only of one little spot under the equator, giving in full detail those events and processes at which the general account can only hint. Uganda furnishes a typical example of the work of missionaries, traders, explorers, and chartered companies, among a purely savage people. Three faiths have contended for supremacy in Uganda—Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, and Protestant ; and the strife of Arabs, French, and English has been keen, if not wholly exemplary. Heroic service has been performed by Mackay, Hannington, and their associates, of whom Mr. Ashe was one ; and much noble Christian character has been developed, faithful even unto death. Yet the story is almost throughout one of intrigue, cruelty, and war, the weak king and a great number of his followers becoming Protestant, Catholic, or Mohammedan, according as their greed or their passions were most liberally encouraged.

The study of such a narrative makes one very doubtful whether this people, or any Central African peoples, can ever reach a high degree of civilization, or whether any immigrants to that region who can endure the climate of the torrid zone can maintain such civilization. The elements of civilization can supplant savagery ; slavery and the slave-trade can be abolished ; certain kinds of production can be developed there ; but any large part of the world's work can hardly be done in Africa, except in those regions north of the desert and south of the Zambezi.

An instructive feature of this book is the light that it throws upon the methods of the chartered companies to which some of the powers have committed the development and control of their portions of the Dark Continent. The irresponsible position of these companies, with the necessity upon their officers of making

dividends or displeasing the directors, has led even well-disposed agents into courses of action that have greatly hindered the prime work of introducing civilization. It may have been necessary under existing conditions, but it was none the less unfortunate. Recent events have shown the same results in South Africa. And one cannot but feel the absurdity of making treaties, and applying the civilized theories of international relations to blood-thirsty savages, as was done in Uganda, and of making great interests depend upon such treaties.

CHARLES H. COOPER.

DANTE IN SPENSERIAN VERSE.*

Dante is so great in the untranslatable qualities of style—in musical successions of syllables, in phrases which suggest the true thoughts by their sound—that every new version of the Divine Comedy needs an apology. It requires but a few weeks of easy work to learn enough Italian to read in the original this most stupendous art-work of the human spirit. Helps of all kinds abound, so that one may begin with no very heavy equipment of grammatical acquirement, and yet be able to appreciate the fine appropriateness in diction, the delicate and noble constructions, and, above all, the singing qualities of the poem. The scholar, and the lover of poetry who possesses leisure, will have none of your translations, being well aware that the exquisite essences of a poem can only by the greatest skill and the most remarkable good-luck be transferred from one language to another. A literal prose rendering they may indeed find useful as a help to understanding difficult passages. But for readers ignorant of Italian who wish to feel somewhat of Dante's beauty and power, a literal prose translation is disenchanting and wholly unsatisfactory. The only thing to be done for them is to make another poem, reproducing the general effect of Dante's as far as may be, and containing his thoughts as much as possible, but especially giving an impression of his symphonic movement, his volume of harmonious sound. Longfellow's versified and yet exceedingly literal rendering does not belong to either of these two classes, and it is difficult to see to whom it can be useful now. No metrical translation can be sufficiently literal, after all, to help the

* DANTE: THE INFERN. A Version in the nine-line metre of Spenser. By George Musgrave, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford, and Barrister-at-Law. New York: Macmillan & Co.

scholar who knows Italian. Yet to follow the original closely, Longfellow has often sacrificed grace and clearness, so that one has to refer to Dante to translate the translation. Mr. Norton's prose version should supplant all metrical ones in the use of scholars. And for a popular book, to be in the hands of persons who cannot hope ever to taste the incommutable poetical essences which are and must be lost in translation, Mr. Musgrave has the right idea. His intention is to represent Dante as much in the music of words and lines as in his thoughts. This is a translation for people who want to be pleased fully as much as they want to be instructed, and who will not receive instruction unless it is pleasingly conveyed.

For a poem which is not only epic but lyrical, the Spenserian stanza is a remarkably suitable form. It contains possibilities of harmony within itself, second only to those in the sonnet. The oft-recurring and intricately interwoven rhymes enable it to ring with the enduring complexity of a musical chord; while the length of the lines, and the additional syllables of the ninth, impart dignity and permit of a full slow cadence. It is less evident that this stanza is a good form for long narratives. For its adaptability to this purpose we have the testimony of Spenser's own successful employment of it, not to mention Byron's. But we might as well admit that while it very well renders the lyrical music of Dante, it does not so happily reproduce the deep continuous orchestration of his epic movement. The only form of verse which combines both properties is the *terza rima* which Dante himself used. It is astonishing that English poets should venture still to try to render him in any other form. But the *terza rima* Mr. Musgrave has "discarded as too alien to the genius of the English tongue." Having seen fit to do this, he has made some amends by adopting the next best—the one in which the combination of rhymes most nearly approaches *terza rima*. Linked and repeated rhymes are essential to any representation of the sound-effects of Dante. A translator in verse cannot afford to throw away any means of musical charm, especially when the original is Italian, for by no possibility, using both rhyme and rhythm to the utmost, can he hope to equal the harmony of Italian poetry. Moreover, in rendering into verse, a process wherein personal inspiration must often be intermittent, there is needed all the artificial help available, and the constant stimulus of seeking rhymes is one of the two golden spurs

with which the rider of the phantom Pegasus at the service of translators urges forward his unwilling steed. And to consider specially the requirements for translating Dante, it must be borne in mind that there are certain effects of grotesqueness, and a wide range both of harsh and gentle notes, which the rhyme, because of its concreteness, is better able to express than metre, which bears the same relation to rhyme that Time does to Space.

Blank verse is out of the question. When made by an excellent poet in his hours of strength, there is no mightier music than English blank verse. But the labor of a translator can in few cases be limited to these rare intervals. It must go on through weak moods and strong. Rhyme will cheer up the tired spirits and put marching humor into weary feet. That which in a work of creation might be a vexatious cause of delay is indispensable in a work of artifice.

Critics who forget the wants of common, busy people, may deal severely with Mr. Musgrave for his occasional expansions or contractions of Dante's ideas. But the strong point of this translation is one which makes it fit for readers on whom minute accuracy would be wasted; it is a vigorous, musical rendering, in the spirit of mediæval art. The rhymes are abundant and melodious; the best of Mr. Musgrave's effects are produced with triplets of feminine rhymes interlinked with the characteristic English masculine rhymes. The metre is sometimes bad. The English language has reached too great fixity for a poet to permit himself such licenses of ellipsis as Mr. Musgrave occasionally employs. There are also infelicitous and even incorrect translations. But this was inevitable.

GEORGE M'LEAN HARPER.

MR. L. A. WADDELL's work on "Lamaism" (Allen, London) is one to make scholars of Northern Buddhism — the so-called Mahayana school — nothing less than thankful. To extensive personal acquaintance with the people and literature of Thibet, the land of Lamaism, the author adds thorough acquaintance with the European authorities on the subject, and has thereby produced a comprehensive treatise — not a compilation — which simply supersedes all previous ones. Noticeable also is the rare and invaluable combination of literature and archaeology in elucidation of the theme. The numerous and very beautiful illustrations are most appropriate in treating a religion so dominated by ceremonial. Nothing better need be expected for decades, or until foreigners enjoy the freedom of travel and research in Thibet hitherto denied them.

SEVEN BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

Mr. Thomas Hughes, the well known and well beloved author of "Tom Brown's School-days," gives us in "Vacation Rambles" a series of letters of travel descriptive of his European and American trips during the last thirty years. Most of these letters are reprinted from "The Spectator," the remainder being letters to his wife from America; and all are edited for this volume by his son. Mr. Hughes flits so rapidly from place to place that little consecutive interest is possible; but when, as at Dieppe, he makes some connected description, it is very agreeably done. American readers will be most interested in the letters written during his various excursions to "the States." He finds us "the most silent and reserved of any race" he has visited. "Emerson is perfectly delightful: so simple, wise, and full of humor and sunshine." Of Lowell he says: "He has not a grain of vanity in his composition, but is as simple and truthful as the best kind of boy. . . . I found him much better than his books." The second series of Mr. Hughes's American letters gives some account of the Rugby colony in Tennessee. The chief charm of this book is an intimate revelation of a thoroughly honest, large-souled, genial Englishman, of the best type. The style is the man, brisk, bright, sturdy, and of a healthy and hearty humor. There is no sting in this book, and none of that self-conscious intellectual brilliancy and literary smartness that mar even the letters of James Russell Lowell and Matthew Arnold. This volume could be improved by adding a portrait of the author and an index. But on the whole

* **VACATION RAMBLES.** By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. ("Vacans Viator"). New York: Macmillan & Co.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN QUEENSLAND. By Arthur C. Bicknell. With illustrations by J. B. Clark, from sketches by the author. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

AN ARTIST IN THE HIMALAYAS. By A. D. McCormick. Illustrated by over one hundred original sketches made on the journey. New York: Macmillan & Co.

PERSIAN LIFE AND CUSTOMS. With Scenes and Incidents of Residence and Travel in the Land of the Lion and the Sun. By the Rev. S. G. Wilson, M.A. With map and illustrations. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

FROM FAR FORMOSA. The Island, its People and Missions. By George Leslie Mackay, D.D. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald. With portraits, illustrations, and maps. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

RAMBLES IN JAPAN, THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN. By H. B. Tristram, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With forty-five illustrations by Edward Whymper, from sketches and photographs. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SUDAN. A Personal Narrative of Fighting and Serving the Dervishes, 1879-95. By Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha, C.B.; translated by Major F. R. Wingate. Illustrated. New York: Edward Arnold.

it is a most readable and companionable book, and we hope it is only the first installment of the letters of Thomas Hughes.

In the next book on our list, Mr. A. C. Bicknell gives an account of his travels in Northern Queensland. Mr. Bicknell has knocked around the world a good deal, with varied experiences; but not having the gift of style—as he himself acknowledges—nor yet that of close and trained observation or careful reflection, he produces a book of only mediocre quality. His style may be excusably uncultivated, but it has no right to be slangy, which it often is. If such Australian terms as "sundowner," "swagmen," "squatter chairs," etc., must be used, they should be explained. Nor can we pardon such carelessness as this, in speaking of a kind of geese as "rare, and found only in Northern Queensland. Enormous numbers may sometimes be seen in a single flock." In this book we get some light on prospecting, mining, and on various phases of Australian frontier life, which much resembles the life in our Far West. Much extraneous matter creeps into this book, as the stories of Nicaragua life, Ecuador experience, and other tales, sufficiently interesting perhaps, but out of place. The volume has neither map nor index. It is illustrated with wood-cuts of slight pretensions.

In "An Artist in the Himalayas," Mr. A. D. McCormick, who was a companion of Sir Martin Conway in his famous tour in the Kashmir region, gives by pen and pencil his impressions of the trip. The book is not in any sense a general account of the expedition, but is merely a personal narrative, and that of a rather slight order. Notwithstanding the author's modest disclaimer that his book "has no pretensions to be literature, an art by no means within my province," he yet writes in a very agreeable and bright fashion. The real artist in one kind of art is rarely a sloven in another kind. Mr. McCormick describes no very startling adventures, but he gives us interesting impressions of the beauty and grandeur of the great Himalayas. One of the grandest landscapes he saw "was composed of valleys with glittering ice walls, their sides ribbed with avalanche tracks, and away in the hot, hazy distance, peak after peak topped and overtopped each other in bright tones of pure pearl." Again, he says:

"At the entrance to the Astor Valley I learned what the grandeur of the mountains really meant. We were in the bottom of a narrow valley, in which great grey rock cliffs rose high up on either hand, and disappeared in the mist at the end of the gorge, across which the

clouds trailed, when someone shouted "look up, Mac," and away in the heavens above I saw three great ice peaks, like towers of polished silver, which the passing cloud shadows dimmed and brightened as when one breathes on bright metal. The colors that played in the depths of this blaze of light can never be imagined nor described. I gazed spellbound. I never saw anything which had such an effect on me in all our journey as this. I had eyes for no other scenery that day, for I had seen heaven, and the great white throne."

The pencil sketches which illustrate the volume are slight enough, but they have some quality. The work is pleasantly written and will serve as an agreeable companion for an idle hour.

In "Persian Life and Customs," Mr. S. G. Wilson, a Presbyterian missionary in Persia, gives a popular and summary sketch of the country, with some account of his travels therein. However, as the author's way was chiefly along well-known routes, and as he does not appear to have had any exceptional sources of information, his book contains little that is new. During one of his journeys Mr. Wilson sees multitudes of lizards, and this is the rather strange account he gives: "Lizards, both numerous and active, continually dart before the eye. There are literally millions of them. They are divided into believers and infidels. The latter it is lawful to kill." Mr. Wilson found in his travels that a few Persian inns were paying some special attention to the wants of Europeans. A Kasvin hotel "even excelled in providing not only combs, but also tooth-brushes and night-caps for the public use!" Further, the author elsewhere says: "The mining of coal at Teheran, the use of Russian petroleum throughout the country, and gas and electric light in the public squares of the capital, are all signs of progress." Yet, on the whole, he concludes that "the present outlook is not favorable to a speedy reception of nineteenth century ideas in the way of commercial exploitation, or to any marked change in the religious beliefs of the people." Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that on the little-known sect of the Ali-Allahis. This book is rather dry in style, largely because the sentences are cut too short and the statements are too bald. It has a fair map, and some photographic illustrations of interest.

Another Presbyterian missionary, Mr. G. L. MacKay, gives us in "From Far Formosa" an account of his extended stay in that island, and adds some notes on natural history and anthropology. This book is concerned almost entirely with North Formosa, which is a very distinct division. Formosa is a tropical island off the

China coast about twice the size of New Jersey, and contains nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants. As a result of the late Chino-Japanese war, it has been annexed to Japan. Mr. MacKay explored North Formosa quite thoroughly, and was very successful in interesting the natives in Christianity. His drawing card was teeth-extracting. At one place his record is: "Before dark I extracted five hundred and thirteen teeth and addressed an immense throng." Very vigorously, plainly, and piously, he narrates the story of his pioneer missionary experiences. As a specimen of his style, we quote a bit of prophetic prose from the chapter on Bang-kah:

"The citizens of Bang-kah, old and young, are daily toiling for money, money-cash, cash. They are materialistic, superstitious dollar-seekers. At every visit, when passing through their streets, we are maligned, jeered at, and abused. Hundreds of children run ahead, yelling with derisive shouts; others follow, pelting us with orange peel, mud, and rotten eggs. For hatred to foreigners, for pride, swaggering ignorance, and conceit, for sensual, haughty, double-faced wickedness, Bang-kah takes the palm. But remember, O haughty city, even these eyes will yet see thee humble in the dust. Thou art mighty now, proud and full of malice; but thy power shall fall, and thou shalt be brought low. Thy filthy streets are indicative of thy moral rottenness; thy low houses show thy baseness in the face of heaven. Repent, O Bang-kah, thou wicked city, or the trump shall blow and thy tears be in vain!"

We may add that Bang-kah did "repent," and the missionary scored a great triumph. Mr. MacKay is a true nineteenth century prophet and apostle. On the whole, this book is a very striking and interesting record. It is provided with good maps and illustrations.

In "Rambles in Japan," Canon Tristram, a practised traveller and writer, gives us his impressions of a short sojourn in that beautiful land. The prime object of his "rambles" was to investigate missionary work, but he also paid much attention to field botany and zoölogy and to nature in general. We had not thought it possible that a fresh book on Japan could be written, but this may fairly be called so, as it shows much original and close observation. Canon Tristram's style, while not very vivacious, is by no means dull. Mr. Whymper's illustrations are well done and interesting.

Both the secondary title and the preface of his work convey the idea that Slatin Pasha's book, "Fire and Sword in the Sudan," is merely a personal narrative, whereas we find that fully one-half of the material is general history. But the commingling of these two subjects is apt to confuse and tire the reader, and as the volume is rather unwieldy, the best

disposition of the material would have been, one volume to narration of his own experiences, and a second volume to the general history of Mahdism. This at least is the division we shall make in this review. Slatin was a young lieutenant in the Austrian army, when in 1879, by invitation of General Gordon, he went to the Sudan. Here he was soon appointed Governor of the province of Darfur. At the opening of the Mahdist revolt he held Dara for some time against the insurgents, but after the destruction of the Hicks Pasha expedition he was obliged to surrender. As Slatin had already made a profession of Mohammedanism, and appeared obedient, he was for some time well treated by the Mahdi and by Khalifa Abdullahi, in whose service he was. But at length, suspicion having fallen upon him on account of a letter he had written to Gordon, he was put in chains and rigorously guarded. In this condition, and filled with hopes and fears, he lay in his ragged tent during the siege of Khartum by the Mahdists. The night of the twenty-fifth of January, 1885, he describes as the "most excitingly anxious one in my life."

"If only the attack were repulsed, Khartum would be saved; otherwise, all would be lost. Utterly exhausted, I was just dropping off to sleep at early dawn, when I was startled by the deafening discharge of thousands of rifles and guns; this lasted for a few minutes, then only occasional rifle-shots were heard, and all was quiet again. . . . Soon shouts of rejoicing and victory were heard in the distance; and my guards ran off to find out the news. In a few minutes they were back again, excitedly relating how Khartum had been taken by storm, and was now in the hands of the Mahdists. Was it possible the news was false? I crawled out of my tent, and scanned the camp; a great crowd had collected before the quarters of the Mahdi and Khalifa, which were not far off; then there was a movement in the direction of my tent; and I could see plainly they were coming towards me. In front marched the three black soldiers; one named Shatta, who formerly belonged to Ahmed Bey Dafalla's slave body-guard, carried in his hands a bloody cloth in which something was wrapped up, and behind him followed a crowd of people weeping. The slaves had now approached my tent, and stood before me with insulting gestures; Shatta undid the cloth and showed me the head of General Gordon. The blood rushed to my head and my heart seemed to stop beating; but, with a tremendous effort of self-control, I gazed silently at the ghastly spectacle. His blue eyes were half-opened, the mouth was perfectly natural; the hair of his head, and his short whiskers, were almost quite white."

Soon after the fall of Khartum, Slatin was released from imprisonment and became one of the body-guard of Khalifa Abdullahi, who was one of the three Khalifas or vicegerents of the Mahdi. It was Slatin's duty to be constantly on guard at Abdullahi's door, and when he

went out, to follow barefoot. However, he was allowed some huts for himself and servants, and on several occasions, to his great distress, was presented with wives by his lord and master. Slatin was in this slavery for more than ten years before he escaped in February, 1895. On his return to Egypt, the Khedive bestowed on him the title of Pasha. Next to Slatin the most prominent figures in this book are the Mahdi and Khalifa Abdullahi. We have much new information concerning the Mahdi, which corrects such reports as we find in common reference books like Chambers's Cyclopædia. A glossary of African and Arabic terms would be a useful addition to this book, and the index might be much improved. The author's style is simple and direct, and in general correct, though it sometimes shows signs of haste. "Recovered his defeat" (p. 84) is an instance. This is so good a book that we only regret it was not bettered by a clear literary plan carried out deliberately and artistically. But as it is, we have a very interesting narrative of remarkable and thrilling adventures, and a most important contribution to the history of the Sudan and to the history of African Mohammedanism.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

RECENT BOOKS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.*

The scope of American history-writing is constantly widening. There seems no limit to the possibilities for earnest workers in the rich fields, to be found in the West as well as in the East. One may investigate the work of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, another the toilsome privations of the heroic Roman Catholic pioneers among the Iroquois, and a third the sufferings of the Protestant missionary in distant Oregon, and each may contribute much to the story of American achievement and American development. Mr. Grinnell's "The Story of the Indian" is about another kind of pioneer. It is the first volume in a "Story of the

*THE STORY OF THE INDIAN. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE IROQUOIS AND THE JESUITS. By Rev. Thomas Donohoe. Buffalo: Catholic Publication Co.

THE STORY OF MARCUS WHITMAN. By Rev. J. G. Craighead, D.D. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

THE CAMPAIGN OF TRENTON. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY. By Elizabeth Bryant Johnston. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND and their Puritan Successors. By John Brown, D.D. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

SOUTHERN HEROES; or, The Friends in War Time. By Fernando G. Cartland. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Published by the Author.

West" series, which is to be concerned with strictly Western types, such as the Indian, the cowboy, the miner, the soldier, the trapper, and others who have played a prominent part in the history of the trans-Mississippi country. Mr. Grinnell, who is an adopted chief of the Pawnees and also of the Blackfeet, and who has published hero-stories and folk-tales of his favorite tribes, tells his story in an attractive manner. The daily life of the wigwam, the sports, the avocations, the food, the prejudices, and the passions of the Indian, are well brought out, not the least interesting being the description of the course of love-making and marriage. Perhaps the most striking chapter is that devoted to an account of the coming of the white man into the Indian-life, a chapter especially suggestive in connection with the general title of the series, of which this is the initial volume. The book is full of interesting stories, and must prove a popular one with young or old who desire to appreciate the part played by the Indians in the history of the West. A supplementary chapter on the North American Indians is furnished by a member of the Bureau of Ethnology, and adds much to the value of the work, because of the information regarding the red men in all stages of our history.

Every American has some notion of the important labors performed by the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians east of the Mississippi. Francis Parkman has told the story in words of great power, which make deep impress upon the mind of the reader who follows him in his description of the development of New France. His "Jesuits in North America" covers the ground quite thoroughly, and yet the subject is so interesting that it must have appealed strongly to Mr. Donohoe, as he delved into the antiquated tomes which contain the "Relations de la Nouvelle France," in search of material for his "The Iroquois and the Jesuits." But his book contains little not to be found in Mr. Parkman's works, although there can be nothing but good results from the publication, in simple language and with devout spirit, of the tales of the pioneers of the Church among the Iroquois.

Recent movements for the establishment of some form of memorial for Marcus Whitman have greatly increased the interest in the story of his relation to the settlement of the Northwest boundary. Dr. Barrows, in his "Oregon" ("American Commonwealths" series), gave by far the best account of the matter, and later writers have but repeated his story in other words. Despite the efforts of those who would eliminate from history everything that seems to indicate providential leading, the work done by Whitman has become recognized as important in its day, and as far-reaching in its influence. The little book by Dr. Craighead is well worth having, since it gives a succinct account of the early history of the Northwest Coast, and puts in convenient compass and in clear language much that, otherwise, can not be ascertained, except by examination of numerous volumes. There are hundreds of events in our history which afford opportunity for just such

simple treatment. It is that which makes valuable the monographs by Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, which he has grouped under the general title, "Decisive Events of American History." He has treated the "Taking of Louisburg," the "Burgoyne Invasion of 1777," the "Battle of Gettysburg"; and now he gives us the "Campaign of Trenton." The story begins with the movements around New York which forced Washington to retreat through the Jerseys, and ends with the rejoicing over the brilliant achievements amid ice and snow, as the American army at Trenton and Princeton found the year of 1776 blending with 1777. There are various helpful diagrams and footnotes, and the volume, which may easily be read through at a short sitting, will appeal to everyone who examines it as worthy of a place upon the shelf. Mr. Drake has written much for the young, and it is a feature of his writing that, while what he describes is always intelligible to the boys and girls, those of more mature mind never fail to find enjoyment and intellectual refreshment as they follow his leading through the fields of American history.

The campaign of Trenton displayed the character of George Washington to better advantage, perhaps, than any other series of movements of the Revolution. But everywhere he proved his right to be considered "an indispensable man," as Goldwin Smith has so well put it. Turning to the dainty bit of book-making called "George Washington Day by Day," this idea is emphasized, for in it, classified according to the days of the year, the student may find countless reasons for disagreeing with Mr. McMaster in his statement, "George Washington is an unknown man." There are biographical data of pleasing interest, showing the little details of the life of the most illustrious of Americans; there are important public acts of the great commander; there are sentiments of a patriotic nature from distinguished admirers of the Father of his Country; there are illustrations of famous houses and public buildings connected with our early history, some of the ornamental chapter-headings being as suggestive as the more elaborate full-page engravings. The book was written primarily for boys and girls, but it is a veritable mine of information, and does not deserve classification with mere juveniles, since it is written in the best style, with each reference carefully identified, and each quotation carefully credited.

In a certain passage Mr. Morse says that Thomas Jefferson, under particular conditions, did not hesitate to speak respectfully of the Constitution—and then disregard it. This has often been the fate of the Pilgrim Fathers. Every American is inclined to believe in the great obligation due to the founders of New England, but there has been little interest in them, except as their quaint and curious lives have furnished materials for writers on social life, who have emphasized the amusing features. Those who have attempted description of the foundations of the society have too often been so influ-

enced by the heavy themes of theology that their volumes have not been readable. Such criticism can in no way be made of the new work by Dr. John Brown, "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England." Long familiar with the homes and haunts of the Mayflower settlers, he has written in charming style of the movements in Old England which led eventually to the establishment of the New. The volume readily divides itself into two parts, exactly half of it being devoted to the history of the Pilgrims before the sailing of the Mayflower. The first half is by far the more important. Every single inch of New England history has been traversed again and again; every stone has been rolled over and over, until some of them, as if to disprove the ancient proverb, have gathered moss. But we do not remember to have found elsewhere that familiarity with life in the old world which is afforded by this most admirable work. The reader gets accurate impressions of the homes and the home life, of the steps toward separation from the established faiths, of the actual beliefs of the leaders of the Pilgrim movement; and he goes on board the Mayflower for the famous epoch-making voyage with clearer notions of the purposes which animated those godly men and women, whose heroic courage and deep-seated devotion have been honored for nearly three centuries by all who cherish the heritage of American citizenship. The second part is written in the same interesting style, and is necessary to the completeness of the monograph. It contains many suggestions for students of the origin of the Constitution, and is a distinct contribution to the literature of American history. It strikes one as a little peculiar that, while other secondary sources are mentioned in the select bibliography which accompanies the volume, the author does not seem to have heard of Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic," or of Ellis's "The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay."

Mr. Fernando G. Cartland has used a somewhat misleading title in his "Southern Heroes." One expects stories of Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson, or of the boys in gray who sadly turned their faces southward after the mournful meeting at Appomattox. But the sub-title, "The Friends in War Time," at once calls attention to the fact that not alone are those heroes who actually *fight* in war. George Washington was a hero, "day by day," as he carried on the campaign of Trenton, but so was Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit, who gave up his life while preaching to the Iroquois, and Marcus Whitman, who made the long journey over the mountains to carry to the Flatheads the story of the white man's God. The Pilgrim Fathers were heroes, as they sought a faith's pure shrine, and so were the Quakers, as they raised their voices for Freedom and lived their quiet lives of protest against War. "Southern Heroes" is a compilation of materials for history, rather than a history itself. It is the outcome of a desire to preserve the record of experiences of Southern Friends, who naturally favored

the Union, but also found their faith against war at a time when and in a region where every able-bodied man was needed in the service of the Confederacy, and who were tormented and persecuted in every possible way, many of them suffering untold horrors under those who had charge of the prison pens at Andersonville and Salisbury. There are occasional digressions to show the work of the Friends elsewhere, the two chapters devoted to the "underground railroad" being a very interesting contribution to the history of that famous highway to freedom. The volume is one long protest against war, and it gives the reader a stronger regard for the peace-loving people who, by precept and example, since the days of George Fox, have been helping to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

FRANCIS W. SHEPARDSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Concord and Appledore. Mr. Frank P. Stearns's "Sketches from Concord and Appledore" (Putnam) is a really delightful book, about evenly compounded of reminiscence, anecdote, and criticism. There are nine papers in all: "Concord Thirty-odd Years Ago"; "Hawthorne"; "Emerson Himself"; "Matthew Arnold's Lectures"; "Whittier"; "David A. Wasson"; "Wendell Phillips," etc. Mr. Stearns says in his preface that his especial object is to attract public attention to the lives and works of Mr. Wasson and Mr. Phillips, "two distinguished men, one of whom has hitherto been little appreciated, and the other greatly misunderstood. Mr. Stearns's plea for his two friends is forcible and sincere, if perhaps not altogether convincing. The reminiscential and personal portions of the book are fresh and interesting, affording us some instructive and amusing glimpses of the distinguished coterie of New England writers whom it was the author's privilege to know more or less intimately. Hawthorne's shy, inscrutable face peeps out perhaps most frequently. Some ten years after his death, a friend, looking towards the Hawthorne house, asked Mr. Bronson Alcott, "Would you be surprised, Mr. Alcott, to see Nathaniel Hawthorne some day gliding past your rustic fence as he used to do?" "No, sir, I should not," replied the old philosopher, "for while he lived he seemed to me like an apparition from some other world. I used to see him coming down from the woods between five and six o'clock, and if he caught sight of anyone in the road he would go under cover like a partridge. Those strange, suspicious side-glances of his! They are not anywhere in his writings." Alas, the "getting under cover" and the "suspicious side-glances" may well have been not remotely connected with the approach or proximity of the wordy philosopher himself—from

whom, it is recorded, even the patient Emerson would sometimes flee in dismay. After the latter's death, the domestic, doing the honors of the untenanted homestead to curious pilgrims, used to point to a certain low window and say: "That is the window Mr. Emerson used to jump out of, when he saw Mr. Alcott coming down the garden path." So, at least, runs the story. Mr. Stearns's volume contains a number of illustrations, comprising Concord views, and portraits of Hawthorne, Miss Alcott, Miss Thaxter, Mr. Whittier, and others. We should be sorry to have conveyed the impression that the book is a mere pleasant medley of chat and reminiscence. The author's appreciations of works and characters are often singularly just and discriminating.

On things in general.

Almost everybody has pretty good ideas nowadays, which may be the reason why people always talk when they get together, and especially why they make so many occasions to get together with nothing else to do but talk. It may also explain the number of columns and departments in the periodicals, called "Standpoints," "Men and Things," and so on. People read them, not because they want information on any definite topic, but because they assume that the ideas, on whatever subject, will be good; the particular subject is of minor import. Very often they are not disappointed; if one gets one of the collections of such writing, he generally finds that the author has a good deal that is interesting. So it is with "Cousin Anthony and I" (Scribner's). One has no idea to start with as to what Mr. E. S. Martin and his "Cousin Anthony" will talk about, but assumes that there will be some original or amusing ideas, some new things neatly put, some old things newly turned. Nor is the book a disappointment to such expectation. Mr. Martin's quality is pretty well known and liked, and this book is quite up to "Windfalls of Observation." In one respect, however, this book has a characteristic which, as we remember it, the other had not, namely, the ingenious way in which bits of writing on diverse topics are dove-tailed in together and made to seem as though they really had some connection. It would often puzzle the higher criticism to take the essays apart and tell why and when each separate bit was written. The result is, rather unfortunately for some readers perhaps, to emphasize the diffusive effect of such reading. It is interesting to think of the mental condition of the reader of such a book. He begins with a willingness to think any thoughts that "Cousin Anthony" and Mr. Martin may have had; the intellect is in a state of readiness for anything, blank but on the alert. When the reader begins a particular essay he can concentrate a little; he can get down to "Civilization and Culture" or "Ourselves and Other People." Still he must be able to gather in the application to one subject of "English and American Homes," "Tips," "Japanese Manners," "French Traits"; he must be mentally ready to

get the best out of everything. Such a necessity may be rather a strain for some people. But then, as we have remarked, whatever one gets is likely to be rather good.

From the Spanish at present is in the drama as literature, not only in English but in other

languages. So we have the curious productions of John Davidson, Oscar Wilde, William Sharp, and turn with pleasure to Ibsen, Sudermann, and Maeterlinck. Ranged now with these last names is that of the Spaniard Echegaray. Whether he turn out for us English-reading people merely a transitory "discovery" or a new planet in our ken, the two plays of his just translated—"The Great Galeoto," and "Folly or Saintliness" (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

—are very striking things. The translation is made by Hannah Lynch, who also supplies a singularly discouraging preface. On reading this preface one gets rather a low-toned conception of the merits of the dramatist, and it is with no little rebound that one finishes an act or two of the first play and feels assured that things are on the whole better than the translator seems to imagine. Echegaray's plays are often set in romantic periods, but these two are plays of modern life, which is perhaps one of the reasons why they are more attractive than some of the others on which the translator comments. In them Echegaray handles a subject by no means new,—the conflict of the modern conscience with the world. But he handles the topic with a sort of vigorous power and much originality. There is a refreshing simplicity and directness in the way in which he works straight ahead, without novelties of expression or eccentricities of conception. He attains his end by what seems really dramatic art. Character is not his strong point, nor humor, nor imagination, of the ordinary type at least,—things which are good in the drama as elsewhere, but not of its essence. His effort seems to be to imagine certain people and certain circumstances, and then so to manipulate them that some idea, some conception, shall be brought to white heat before the spectator. At any rate this is what he does most successfully in "The Great Galeoto," but well also in the other. Some of his plays have been already translated, but the two in this book are stronger work and probably more representative of their author.

Two books of advice and precept for young men.

Mr. E. W. Bok's "Successward" (F. H. Revell Co.) is addressed to the average young man—the young man, we take it, of office, shop, and "dry goods" store; and we cheerfully assure the average young man that he will find its maxims sound and practical, its ideals within reach of a mental Zaccheus, and its philosophy of life a good, plain, durable fabric, that will wear well and suit all seasons. The central object of the book is, as its title implies, to point out to the average young man the general line of conduct he is to pursue in order (to adopt the

young man's own phraseology) to "get there" in life, and possibly to become a "magnate" of some sort or other. Mr. Bok, however, has a good deal of advice to offer on topics less severely practical,—such as "Social Life and Amusements," "Religious Life," "Attitude towards Women," "Matters of Dress," etc. Mr. Bok's little book contains much sound precept tersely and plainly put; and it may be read with profit by those for whom it is meant. —Another book similar in character to Mr. Bok's is Mr. Orison Swett Marden's "Architects of Fate" (Houghton), described by its author as "a book designed to inspire youth to character-building, self-culture, and noble achievements." It is a companion volume to Mr. Marden's "Pushing to the Front," which has run through several editions. Mr. Marden's method is largely the time-honored one of teaching by examples; and of these he has gotten together, and classified under such headings as "Dare," "Self-Help," "Clear Grit," "The Will and the Way," etc., a most bewildering variety from sources the most diverse. Mr. Marden's labors, of the excerpting and arranging order, must have been something really appalling; and one is glad to reflect that his method was one which relieved him from the additional strain of severe and continuous thought. A notable feature of the volume is the portraits of eminent people—Columbus, Walter Scott, Hamilton, Lafayette, Irving, Ruskin, Blaine, Edison, Clay, and so on. Mr. Marden's style is rather spasmodic, and his reflections are sometimes trite; but his book is, in the main, an excellent one for popular reading, and should repeat the success of its predecessor.

*Tennessee's
constitutional
development.*

In a convenient volume entitled "Studies in the Constitutional History of Tennessee" (Robert Clarke Co.), Mr. Joshua W. Caldwell of that state presents many of the more prominent features of its constitutional development. He begins with the early attempts at the establishment of an independent government in the western wilderness: Watauga, 1772; Cumberland, 1780; and Franklin, 1784. He calls due attention to the distinctive characteristics of these early constitutions, chief among which were general suffrage and religious freedom. His criticism that the Franklin experiment at state-making in 1784 is, in historic importance, inferior to its two predecessors, seems hardly justified by the facts which the author presents, showing it to be a step in a continuous evolution. In his claim that the Watauga settlers "were the first Americans to establish absolutely free and democratic institutions," he seems to ignore the earlier example of Rhode Island. The causes which led the New England settlers to adopt the township system of government, while those of the "Virginia group" of colonies preferred the county system, are tersely set forth. It is a part of Mr. Caldwell's thesis that, under present conditions, the township system should not only be preferred in the South, but that that region now

needs, for its full development, the form of local self-government by which New England democracy became so successful; and he urges that an early constitutional revision in Tennessee shall abolish the outgrown county system and erect upon its ruins the township system. His account of the early jealousy of the Tennessee settlers toward their courts and judges shows that in Tennessee, as well as under the national constitution, the power of the judiciary has been a growth from feeble beginnings. Mr. Caldwell would have made this part of his thesis more clear by reference to the official oath first prescribed for her judges, by which Tennessee, in imitation of North Carolina, sought to furnish backbone for the development of a truly independent judiciary.

*Short essays
on literary topics.* We do not have much literary criticism nowadays, except in homeopathic doses. Few of our magazines have anything of the sort; Travel, Art, Politics, Questions of the Day, Biography, Fiction, are more interesting to the public, and so are provided in larger quantity. So there is no place to publish long articles, and then it is easier to write short ones. In England it is still the tradition that some literary articles are to be included in the monthly reviews, but even in England much of the best writing goes into the comparatively short articles of the literary weeklies. For these reasons we have lately had several collections of short essays, of which "Impressions and Memories," by Mr. J. Ashcroft Noble (Putnam), is a good example. Too short for more than a pleasant *résumé* or a judicious noting of a few salient points, such essays are rather unsatisfactory in book form. One can hardly put them on the shelf along with more solid literary criticism: one reads them and is apt to forget them. But aside from the inevitable disadvantage of form, these particular essays are excellent,—a pleasure to read, and, as often as not, with something to remember. There are a few essays on general critical subjects, particularly a very interesting one on "The Music of Prose." There are also, though less successful in giving a definite idea, one or two bits of direct criticism, as on Christina Rossetti, or Dr. Holmes. But the greater number are on what would be called in a general way "literary topics"—"The Charm of Autobiography," "The Hypocrite of Fiction," and so on,—and answering probably to the "memories" of the title, are several sketches of places pleasant in themselves and made noteworthy by the life of some man of letters.

*Some bits of
literary history.*

No suggestion of its contents is given in the title "In a Walled Garden" (Macmillan), which is a collection of essays and reminiscences by Mme. Bessie Rayner Belloc, an advanced woman of her time, a devout Catholic, and the intimate friend of George Eliot. The papers are written in a somewhat disconnected and rambling style, as if they were familiar letters to a friend; scattered recollections, odds and ends

brought forth from the memory of a woman now nearing the close of her life. The essays—"The Modesty of Nature," "On Living Well to the Front," and three suggested by the theories of Count Tolstoy — are mere suggestions of her thoughts, rather than completed wholes. The reminiscences, chiefly of people she knew in her early life, have an old-world atmosphere of times not so far gone by, and are full of interest for this generation, particularly the chapters on George Eliot, Mary Howitt, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and the one entitled "Montagus and Procters." One of the more recent characters described is Catherine Booth, the "mother of the Salvation Army." The paper on "Dr. Manning of Bayswater" is of especial interest in view of Mr. Purcell's recently published life of the Cardinal. "A Chapter of War" and "The Shoemaker's Story" deal with the Franco-Prussian War, of which Mme. Belloc had personal knowledge, having been driven from her home in Bougival by the approach of the Germans. The book as a whole forms a pleasant addition to those bits of literary history which serve to throw sidelights on the great people of the world.

"A House-boat on the Styx."

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's humorous extravaganza entitled "A House-Boat on the Styx" (Harper) has already appeared in serial form, and calls for little in the way of comment or description. Mr. Bangs's device of grouping a lot of more or less celebrated "shades"—Homer, Shakespeare, Confucius, Artemus Ward, Emerson, Socrates, P. T. Barnum, and so forth — on board a Stygian house-boat, surrounding them with earthly "modern conveniences," and making them talk in a flippant, slangy, up-to-date dialect, is at least a novel one, and the resulting incongruities make us laugh in spite of ourselves. Mr. Bangs shows us, for instance, Dr. Johnson, "playing pool with Nero," and addressing Shakespeare with: "Hullo, William! How's our little Swanlet of Avon this afternoon?"—while Lord Bacon settles a vexed question by saying: "Shakespeare was my stenographer, gentlemen. If you want to know the whole truth, he did write 'Hamlet,' literally. But it was at my dictation." Mr. Bangs's fun is rather enjoyable at times; but candor compels us to say that, in our opinion, a generation which can relish it in book doses is intellectually past praying for. The book is a pretty one outwardly, and contains the quaint original cuts.

The story of a great soldier.

Some men are admitted to the calendar of great men, not on account of the magnitude and number of their achievements, but because of what they have shown themselves to be in the lesser deeds they have had to perform. In Mr. Bradley's life of General Wolfe, recently added to the "English Men of Action" series (Macmillan), we have the story of a great soldier told in a most fascinating way. Wolfe was only thirty-two when he died, and the Quebec expe-

dition was his first independent command; but his success was based upon seventeen years of intense application to his profession, and every duty assigned him had been perfectly done. The ministry that sent the young colonel to take the Canadian stronghold little realized the hopelessness of the undertaking. Wolfe himself was at the point of despair. But he would not fail. To have failed in accomplishing the impossible, if that were set him to do, would have broken his heart. He succeeded, and by one stroke put his name on the short list of great English soldiers. This little book is a hero-tale that stirs one's enthusiasm.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The new edition of Professor C. A. Young's "The Sun" (Appleton) acquaints its readers with the remarkable results of the last fifteen years of investigation, and brings the subject fully up to date. We have given the latest solar parallax determinations, the spectroscopic work of Professors Hale and Deslandres, accounts of prominence photography and coronal observation, Professor Langley's infra-red spectrum investigations, and even so new a subject as the discovery of terrestrial helium. It is one of the best books of popular science ever written, and deserves to find a host of readers.

"Karma, a Story of Early Buddhism," by Dr. Paul Carus, is a recent publication of The Open Court Publishing Co. It is a prettily-written moral apostrophe, issued in a form that is sure to attract attention. The booklet is manufactured in Tokyo, printed on a curious kind of Crêpe paper, and illustrated in colors by Japanese artists. The drawings are very charming, and will repay close study; some of them are full-page designs, while others share their pages with the text.

A new and beautifully-printed edition of "The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Maundevile, Kt.," edited and strikingly illustrated by Mr. Arthur Layard, having also a preface by Mr. John Cameron Grant, comes to us from Messrs. Macmillan & Co. We hope that this edition may acquaint a good many people, who have hitherto thought of the work as possessing only antiquarian interest, with the fact that it offers delightfully entertaining reading for both young and old. A more fetching dress than this, at least, the work could not easily have, with its rich covers, its clear type, and its quaintly sympathetic designs.

We note the publication of two very helpful guides for the reading of the young. One is a "List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs," edited by Miss Augusta H. Leypoldt and Mr. George Iles, and published by the Boston Library Bureau. Over two thousand works are enumerated, classified, and briefly characterized. Each section of the work is prepared by a specialist, Mr. Krehbiel, for example, writing of music, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller of natural history, and Mr. Russell Sturgis of fine art. The comments on books of fiction are by a reviewer for the "Nation". The characterizations are terse and usually trustworthy. Our other book of this class is Mr. W. M. Griswold's "Descriptive List of Books for the Young" ("descriptiv" is the perverse way in which Mr. Griswold spells it). History and fiction are the chief groups in this bibliography. Both of these works are simply invaluable.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Heroes" has just been added to the Macmillan "Pocket Edition" of Kingsley.

The third volume of Mr. James Hamilton Wylie's "History of England under Henry the Fourth," covering the period 1407-1410, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. A fourth volume, which the author hopes "will not be long delayed," will complete the work.

"Coriolanus" and "Troilus and Cressida" are added by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to their "Temple" Shakespeare. The Roman Forum and the Swan Theatre are the subjects of the etched frontispieces. The same publishers send us "Enoch Arden" and the second half of "The Princess" in the "People's" Tennyson.

The beautiful edition of the "Faerie Queene," now publishing in parts, is progressing apace. Part XI., including Cantos 5 to 8 of the Fourth Book, is the latest to appear. Mr. Crane's illustrations are as original and graceful as ever, and really illustrate the text of the poem. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

The founders of "McClure's Magazine" have undertaken to establish at Knox College a new department, to be known as "The Abraham Lincoln School of Science and Practical Arts." It is expected that an endowment fund of a quarter of a million dollars will be raised for this purpose. Knox College will celebrate in October the anniversary of the Lincoln and Douglas debate.

Professor Cowell, of Cambridge, who has just completed his seventieth year, was presented on his birthday with his portrait, which has been painted at the cost of fifty-six of his old pupils and others who in maturer years have continued to work with him at any of the numerous languages — Sanskrit, Persian, Pali, Old Welsh, to say nothing of Italian and Spanish — in which the veteran professor is thoroughly versed.

Messrs. Way & Williams announce for early publication "The Lamp of Gold," a sonnet sequence composed of forty-nine sonnets divided into seven parts of seven sonnets each, by Miss Florence L. Snow, with decorations by Mr. E. H. Garrett; a collection of stories by Mrs. E. W. Peattie, entitled "A Mountain Woman"; and a new Irish novel by Mr. Frank Matthew, called "The Apostle of Temperance." The same publishers say that the interest in Mrs. Wynne's book, "The Little Room and Other Stories," now in its second thousand, is on the increase.

The MS. of "Trilby" is preserved in a locked glass case at the rooms of the Fine Art Society of London. It is written in little exercise-books, each of which cost a penny, and is not entirely in Mr. Du Maurier's hand. That author has a pet superstition to the effect that all the members of his family should take a small part in the work of writing out his imaginings. Consequently the MS. exhibits various calligraphies. A translation of "Trilby" has lately appeared in Russia, with Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations. It is printed under the title of "Katia," and is ascribed to one "Teminoff"; and all the names are altered to Russian ones — the three immortal Companions of the Brush being turned into Russians.

The New York State Library has just issued its sixth annual comparative summary and index of state legislation, covering the laws passed in 1895 by thirty-seven states and two territories. Each law is briefly described or summarized and classified under its proper

subject-head, with a full alphabetic index to the 4847 entries. There is steadily growing appreciation of this Bulletin by all persons interested in improving state legislation. It is already widely used and helps materially in raising standards and promoting uniformity in the laws of the different states. This year additional intermediate marginal heads give closer classification and make it much easier to grasp the contents rapidly. The great problems of municipal government have received special attention.

Mr. Charles Sprague-Smith is conducting in New York a series of weekly "conferences upon literature." Each conference opens with a paper by Mr. Sprague-Smith, which is followed by supplementary papers and a general discussion. The method is thus described: "Starting with a great epic poem, which voiced the thought of a primitive age and civilization, the literature of which this poem formed the centre is followed in its evolution. Where it has inspired some greater production, that all recognize as belonging to universal literature, the attention is centred upon this, and a comparison made between the new and old expressions of the ideal. In every conference one of these supreme moments is considered, and the monument it produced placed in its historical and literary setting, with the lines of development traced up to and away from it."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1896 (First List).

Africa, European Development of. C. H. Cooper. *Dial*.
 American Family Life. Th. Benton. *Forum*.
 Army as a Career, The. O. O. Howard. *Forum*.
 Bee-Ranching. Ninetta Eames. *Harper*.
 Binders, French, of To-Day. S. T. Pridaux. *Scribner*.
 Boers, Manners and Customs of the. T. L. White. *Forum*.
 British Opinion of America. Richard Whiteing. *Scribner*.
 Carnations. J. H. Connally. *Scribner*.
 Cassatt, Miss Mary. William Walton. *Scribner*.
 College Training, Benefits of. Charles F. Thwing. *Forum*.
 Cretan Pictographs and Pre-Phoenician Script. *Dial*.
 Critic, The, as Picker and Stealer. *Dial*.
 Dante in Spenserian Verse. George M. Harper. *Dial*.
 Ellsworth, Colonel. John Hay. *McClure*.
 England, An Alliance with. Sidney Sherwood. *Forum*.
 European Situation, The. F. H. Goffeken. *Forum*.
 Falconry in Art. J. E. Harting. *Magazine of Art*.
 Florentine Villas. Lee Bacon. *Scribner*.
 History, American, Recent Books on. *Dial*.
 Horse or Motor? Oliver McKee. *Lippincott*.
 Household Life in the Fifteenth Century. *Lippincott*.
 Irish, The, in American Life. H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic*.
 Kites, Scientific Uses of. Cleveland Moffett. *McClure*.
 Lakeland, Some Rivers of. E. R. Dibdin. *Magazine of Art*.
 Leighton, Lord. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art*.
 Lindisfarne, The Island of. Eugenia Skelding. *Atlantic*.
 Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century. *Dial*.
 Love. Jean Wright. *Lippincott*.
 MacDowell, E. A. Edith Brower. *Atlantic*.
 Manitoba Schools Question, The. Goldwin Smith. *Forum*.
 Money Borrowers. Junius H. Browne. *Harper*.
 Nicaragua Canal, Impracticability of the. *Forum*.
 Novel, The Decadent. Edward Fuller. *Lippincott*.
 Presidency, The, and Secretary Morton. *Atlantic*.
 Public Schools, Case of the. G. Stanley Hall. *Atlantic*.
 Roads in France. Mary H. Catherwood. *Atlantic*.
 Social Departures, Two New. J. M. Ludlow. *Atlantic*.
 Travel, Recent Books of. H. M. Stanley. *Dial*.
 War, Anglo-American, Cost of an. Edw. Atkinson. *Forum*.
 War-Ship, Nerves of a. Park Benjamin. *Harper*.
 Washington as a Colonel. Woodrow Wilson. *Harper*.
 Wedding-Cake, Evolution of the. Agnes Sage. *Lippincott*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 50 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

History of England under Henry the Fourth. By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. Vol. III., 1407-1410; 12mo, uncut, pp. 482. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
The Union of England and Scotland: A Study of International History. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. 8vo, uncut, pp. 524. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
Woman under Monasticism: Chapters on Saint-Lore and Convent Life, A.D. 500 to 1500. By Lina Eckenstein. 8vo, uncut, pp. 496. Macmillan & Co. \$4.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King: Comprising his Letters, Public Documents, and Speeches. Edited by his grandson, Charles R. King, M.D. Vol. III., 1799-1801. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 580. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.
Memoirs of an Artist: An Autobiography. By Charles François Gounod; trans. by Annette E. Crocker. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 223. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.25.
Joan of Arc. By Francis C. Lowell. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 382. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.
Bayard Taylor. By Albert H. Symth. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 320. "American Men of Letters." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A History of Nineteenth Century Literature (1780-1895). By George Saintsbury. 12mo, uncut, pp. 477. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
Regeneration: A Reply to Max Nordau. With Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. 8vo, uncut, pp. 311. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
Jewish Ideals, and Other Essays. By Joseph Jacobs, author of "Studies in Jewish Statistics." 8vo, uncut, pp. 242. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.
The Literary Study of the Bible: An Account of the Leading Forms of Literature Represented in the Sacred Writings. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. 12mo, pp. 533. D. C. Heath & Co. \$2.
Renaissance Fancies and Studies: Being a Sequel to "Euphorion." 12mo, uncut, pp. 260. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
Curiosities of Olden Times. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., author of "Mahalah." 12mo, uncut, pp. 301. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.50.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Spenser's Faery Queene. Edited by Thomas J. Wise; illus. by Walter Crane. Book IV., Part XI., Cantos V.-VIII., large 8vo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
The "Temple" Shakespeare. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. New vols.: Coriolanus, and Troilus and Cressida. Each, with frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan & Co. Per vol., 45 cts.
"People's" Edition of Tennyson's Poems. New vols.: The Princess, Part II., and Enoch Arden. Each 24mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. Per vol., 45 cts. net.
The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. By Charles Kingsley. "Pocket Edition"; illus., 18mo, pp. 228. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

POETRY.

England's Darling. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 111. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
Leviore Plectro (Occasional Verses). By Alfred Cochrane, author of "The Kestral's Nest." 16mo, uncut, pp. 82. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.
An Osten Pipe. By James B. Kenyon. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 133. "Fleur de Lis Poets." J. Selwin Tait.

FICTION.

The Parson's Proxy. By Kate W. Hamilton, author of "Rachel's Share of the Road." 16mo, pp. 303. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Persis Yorke. By Sidney Christian, author of "Sarah: A Survival." 16mo, pp. 426. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
Mariposa. By Mrs. Charles Stewart Daggett. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 268. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.25.
Golden Gwendolyn. By Evelyn Everest Green, author of "The Last of the Dacres." Illus., 12mo, pp. 366. A. I. Bradley & Co. \$1.25.
Diana's Hunting. By Robert Buchanan. Illus., 18mo, uncut, pp. 218. F. A. Stokes Co. 75 cts.
Siegfried the Mystic. By Ida Worden Wheeler. 12mo, pp. 295. Arena Pub'g Co. \$1.25.
Paul French's Way. By Jennie M. Drinkwater. 12mo, pp. 278. A. I. Bradley & Co. \$1.25.
A Whirl Asunder. By Gertrude Atherton. With frontispiece, 24mo, uncut, pp. 192. F. A. Stokes Co. 50 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Rand, McNally's Globe Library: Stanhope of Chester, by Percy Andreea; pp. 235.—The Sea-Wolves, by Max Pemberton; pp. 227. Each 12mo, 50 cts.

POLITICS.

A History of Political Parties in the United States. By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D. In 3 vols.; Vol. I., 12mo, pp. 512. Athens, O.: Ohio Pub'g Co.
Proportional Representation. By John R. Commons. 12mo, pp. 298. "Library of Economics and Politics." T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.75.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Spirit in Literature and Life: A Course of Lectures. By John Patterson Coyle, D.D. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 247. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
Visions and Service: Fourteen Discourses Delivered in College Chapels. By William Lawrence. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 235. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

SCIENCE.

Elementary Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. Founded on Jouber's "Traité Élémentaire d'Électricité." By G. C. Foster, F.R.S., and E. Atkinson, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 552. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.25.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

A Manual of Physics: Being an Introduction to the Study of Physical Science. By William Peddie, D.Sc. Second edition, revised and enlarged; illus., 12mo, pp. 573. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Latin Lessons for Beginners. By E. W. Coy, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 330. American Book Co. \$1.

Elements of Botany. By J. Y. Bergen, A.M. Illus., 12mo, pp. 332. Ginn & Co. \$1.20.

Robinson's New Higher Arithmetic for High Schools, Academies, and Mercantile Colleges. 12mo, pp. 506. American Book Co. \$1.

Trigonometry for Schools and Colleges. By Frederick Anderegg, A.M., and E. D. Roe, Jr., A.M. 12mo, pp. 108. Ginn & Co. 80 cts.

Selections from Carlyle. Edited by Henry W. Boynton, M.A. 12mo, pp. 283. Allyn & Bacon. 75 cts.

Laboratory Work in Chemistry: A Series of Experiments. By Edward H. Keiser. Illus., 12mo, pp. 119. American Book Co. 50 cts.

Milton's Paradise Lost, Books I. and II. Edited by Albert S. Cook. 18mo, pp. 201. Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn. 35 cts.

Stories from Aulus Gellius. Edited for sight reading by Charles Knapp, Ph.D. 16mo, pp. 93. American Book Co. Paper, 30 cts.

Seidel's Herr Omnia. Edited by J. Matthewman. 12mo, pp. 85. American Book Co. 25 cts.

Ohnet's Le Chant du Cygne. Edited by Arthur H. Solial, A.B. 18mo, pp. 90. Maynard, Merrill & Co.

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